ited miinicry of the whole scone; at one and the same time he becomes the elderly gentleman, the procurers, the tarts; and since everything is in the way he does it, there is not much to write about it.)

Beside Gheon a pimp had sat down who showed a great scorn for the others:

'It's disgusting; it's shameful," he said after they had just pinched a few more coins. "And would yon believe it, sir, every evening the same scene takes place? Yes, the same scene. That gentleman comes here every evening. And every morning he doesn't get home until about six o'clock, and with sixty francs less in his pocket. It's disgusting!"

"Do you know who your elderly gentleman is?" 1 asked Gheon, "He

is THE WIDOWER/'

Thursday, 6 February

In the morning, work; reading Rctz and a few little reviews.

T. quotes admiringly some*, of Degas's remarks. Apropos of a painting representing, he says, "tho princess (??) leaving the abode of her ancestors/' by I don't know what painter:

"Do you know why the princess is getting the hell out? . . . Because she can't get along with the background/[7]

Degas said likewise, in front of BcsmmTs *Arab Stable* (a large painting in which a horse, in the foreground, is rearing up, throwing on the ground a strangely purple shadow): "Do you know why the horse is rearing? . - . Because of the purple/*

And T,, in an ecstasy of admiration, quoted also, apropos of Gus* tave Moreau:

"He's a hermit who knows the train schedule," and also: "The lions he paints are chained with watch-chains/' Or about Bcsnard: "He advances under our own power/* Etc,, etc.

Mme Valery, exquisite in an Empire gown of moss-green velvet, her hair twice encircled by a ribbon. Very good

evening, even though I have it in for every evening that upsets my schedule. You feel Valery, on such days, to be so much better than he shows himself to be.

Josette Drouin tells us at length about her little niece, eight years old. Strange charm that poverty has for her. Her father, head of a factory, I believe, lets her play with the workmen's children; they are the only children she likes. She is not satisfied to give pennies to beggars; she must kiss and fondle their rags. A Negro juggler had taken his stand on the square; he was so filthy and ugly that everyone fled him; the little girl broke away from her family to cajole him affectionately*

Finally, when her mother was dressing for some visit or other:

"Oh, Mamma/' the chilli said, *don*t put on your best dress. We are poor/*